

# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NO. 855.

## PERIANDER OF CORINTH:

OR,  
REVENGE.

*Translated from the German of Augustus La Fontaine.*

(CONTINUED)

PERIANDER returned to Corinth, and Polykrates, the cruel inhuman friend of the tyrant, sailed for Asia to execute his merciless command. The sea was calm, a fresh gale swelled the sails of the ships, and seemed to hasten the fate of the prisoners. Already they had passed the Cyclades; and the following morning the coast of Lydia and the sumptuous temple of Diana at Ephesus were visible in the distant horizon. But now a strong north-east wind arose, dark clouds covered Chios, and the surface of the sea was broken in dashing waves. A violent storm succeeded, which drove the ships to the southward. At length the sailors cried out, Land! With laborious exertions they avoided the rocks of the shore; and though their sails were split, and their masts carried away, they at length conducted the ships into a secure harbor. All got safe on shore, and found they had landed in Samos.

Tents were brought from on board the ships, and covered the wide beach. Polykrates placed guards over the prisoners, that none of them might escape. He then offered a sacrifice in the temple of Diana, which was near the shore. Agathon walked, absorbed in the thoughts of death, which he meditated to procure by his own hands, by the side of a thick grove. 'Agathon!' exclaimed a cheerful voice, and he found himself clasped in a sudden embrace. He looked up and saw—O transport!—Melissa—Melissa whom he believed to be dead.

'Art thou indeed Melissa?' cried he, when he had somewhat recovered from his astonishment. 'Thy body was found among the rocks!—Oh, ye gods! art thou indeed Melissa? Dearest to my heart, dost thou indeed live? Do I see thee again—! Oh the most wretched of mankind!'

'Now surely no longer wretched,' said Melissa, embracing him tenderly.

Her joy only heightened his grief and despair; how transports forced into his eyes the bitter tears.

'Why art thou thus, Agathon?' said Melissa. Agathon was silent; at length with a deep sigh, he exclaimed—'Oh transporting yet dreadful moment! Yes, I am happy, Melissa, for I can die in thy arms!'

'Die, Agathon! now the gods have restored us to each other.'

Agathon related to Melissa his unhappy fate. 'Here,' concluded he, 'here will I die, clasped in thy arms.'

A deadly paleness overspread the countenance of Melissa. 'Oh, my father! my father!' exclaimed she. The trumpet then sounded—'Dost thou hear?' cried he. 'My fate calls me!' and with an earnest gaze he pointed to a dagger which Melissa wore by her side. The trumpet then sounded again to call the prisoners to the ships.

No, said Melissa with a firm tone, 'thou shalt not die. Begone, Agathon; fly with thy companions to the temple of Diana, on the sea shore, embrace the image of the goddess. It is the most sacred right of this temple, that whoever shall once have touched the sacred statues within it, shall never be torn involuntarily from it. Begone; make no delay; I hasten to call the Samians who reside around.' She embraced him and flew through the grove and over the hills away to the town.

Agathon returned to the shore, where the prisoners were already assembled. 'Follow me all of you,' said he to them in a low voice, 'I will deliver you; do what you see me do.' He went before them, and led them towards the temple. 'Run to the temple,' exclaimed he then aloud, 'and touch the statue of the goddess! Youths and boys instantly rushed through the porticoes to the altar, and thronged to the statue of Diana.

The warriors of Corinth followed them, and observed what they did with surprise. 'To the ships!' cried they to their prisoners.

'We shall not go,' said Agathon, with a tone of dignity; 'We are under the protection of the great goddess.'

Two soldiers immediately sprung upon the steps to compel Agathon to return by force.—But the high priest coming forward exclaimed, 'Retire, or you are lost!' The soldiers desisted and gazed on him with astonishment and awe.

'Who are you?' said the priest, to the boys and youths.

'Prisoners,' answered Agathon, 'Who have fled hither to claim the protection of the goddess.'

The priest now advanced on the steps of the temple, and said to Polykrates, who had arrived, 'They are free so long as they remain on the precincts of the temple. Offer not to touch them, or death and destruction must be your fate.' The Corinthians drew back with dread; and the high priest now uttered aloud solemn imprecations on every one who should dare to offer violence to the suppliant votaries of Diana.

Polykrates now surrounded the temple with his soldiers. 'Hunger,' said he, 'must soon force them to leave their asylum.' But love was more powerful than cruelty. The next morning came from the grove on the eminence two bands of maidens and youths singing. Melissa had related to the Samians the fate of the prisoners. Love inspired her words, and her entreaties moved all hearts; but every one feared the wrath of Periander. Love then suggested a stratagem. Clad in garments of sacrifice, their hair adorned with flowers, with baskets of sesamum and honey and vessels full of milk in their hands, the youths and maidens approached the temple.

'What is this festival which you celebrate?' said Polykrates. 'The festival of Love the Deliverer,' said Melissa, who was at the head of the maidens, and who, with the festive procession, now passed under the porticoes of the temple. Agathon knew Melissa, and conjectured her intentions. 'Follow my example,' said he to the other prisoners, and snatched from Melissa the provisions she had brought; while his companions

took from the other Samian youths and maidens their baskets and vessels of sacrifice. 'Away, away!' cried the Samians, and retired.

The next morning the festival again commenced, and ended as before. 'How long,' asked Polykrates, 'do you celebrate this festival?' 'As long,' replied Melissa, 'as the fugitives under the protection of the goddess shall take from us our offerings.' Polykrates now perceived that it was in vain to continue to guard the temple with his soldiers; he therefore embarked, and the unfortunate prisoners were restored to liberty. With the most heart-felt gratitude they fell at the feet of Melissa, and called her their deliverer. The Samians instituted a yearly festival to Diana, which they called the festival of Love the Deliverer, and privately sent back the Corinthians to their own country;—only Agathon remained. Samos bestowed on him the right of citizenship, and Melissa gave him her hand.—He dwelt with her in the grove near the shore, where he had met her again, and purchased the surrounding lands. In calm tranquillity he lived with his wife in a neat commodious cottage, surrounded and shaded by fruit trees, and divided his time between useful labor and innocent enjoyment. Melissa brought him a son; and the hearts of the happy lovers overflowed with joy and content. They forgot Corinth and Periander, and his cruelty.

In the mean time Periander lived at Corinth, a prey to gloomy care and anxious fear. Without children, without friends, he perceived that his throne was gradually sinking, and only supported by watchful cruelty. Ceryra had escaped his vengeance; Samos had deceived him; and he could not attempt to take revenge, because he dared not leave Corinth. Now, surrounded by his guards, whose fidelity he purchased, beloved by none, (for he had no friend, the aged Medon excepted) he first began to feel the want of the tender affections of humanity.

Often would he take his diadem in his hand, survey it, and exclaim: 'How much hast thou cost me! Whither shall I flee? I am condemned to rule so long as I live, and to hate so long as I have feeling; for what city in Greece will receive the tyrant Periander? Where is the man who will not deliver me up to the Corinthians? Oh! how truly said Medon, that my cruelty had shut me out from the whole world!'

Such were frequently his reflections; and in these moments of juster perception he would endeavor to obtain love. He was milder and more generous towards his slaves; but they only trembled so much the more, for they feared his returning pride and anger would be the more severe. His treasures were all embarked on board a ship, ready to sail at the shortest notice, that he might make his escape, in case of any sudden commotion which he should be unable to quell. Thus he lived for a whole year, continually prepared for flight, and surrounded with the images of death.

At length the insurrection he had long expected broke out while he was at the haven. A part of his guards joined the populace, who had obtained arms, and plundered and burned his palace.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## BERENGIERA, QUEEN OF CASTILE.

BERENGIERA united to all the attractions of *evanescent* beauty, the eternal loveliness of a cultivated and expanded mind. She was in the eagle of Oaxaca, with a very inconsiderable number of forces, when it was besieged by the Moors. She considered the terrors of her situation. The annihilation of the fortress was nearly exhausted, and to try the hazard of a sally, would be certain destruction to her few, but brave troops. In this dilemma, she sent the following message to the generals of Tuxtepec:—  
 “Berengiera of Barcelona, queen of Castile, could not have imagined that cavaliers so renowned for their valor and gallantry, would have seriously determined to attack a castle which was defended by a woman.—These simple words, in an age which is now called barbarous, were sufficient to induce men to abandon victory, when that victory would be the vanquishment of weakness, though the acquisition of territory. The Moors declared they would immediately retire; only begging the queen would honor them with a view of her person, from any distance that she might prefer. Berengiera adorned herself in the most magnificent and graceful manner; and appeared on the walls with a majesty and sweetness that drew forth the loudest exclamations of applause and admiration from her gallant enemies. The Moors made every testimony of reverence and obedience, and filed off, leaving her exulting in her own presence of mind, and deeply impressed by their heroic honor.

## EMPEROR NERO.

NATURE had delineated his manners on his face, and the whole mark of his body: for he had little eyes, and covered with fat, his throat and chin joined together, a thick neck, great belly, and his legs slender. All which proportion made him not unlike a swine, whose fithness he well expressed. His chin was turned upwards, which was a sign of his cruelty. Fair hair, small legs, and his face rather fair than majestic, were pregnant signs of his effeminateness. His unward of wickedness was prognosticated by his father Domitian, from a calculation of his own, and his wife Agrippina's manners, in these words:—*It is impossible that any thing that is good should proceed from me or her.*

## JORTIN.

“IF a man finds,” said that great man, “some of his learned productions-purloined by others: he may, generally speaking, make out his claim to his own property, if he thinks it worth while; and he ought not to be very uneasy about it as if some strange accident had befallen him. He should think and say out of his writings, as well as all his other goods and chattels:—These things I have collected for myself, for my neighbors, for my friends, and for posterity, since thieves will come in for a share.

## SNEEZING.

WHEN the king of Monomotapa, in Africa, sneezes in a room, those present greet him with a loud voice even to be heard by them in the antichamber; these give the same warning to them in the next rooms; thence it goes into the court, and from thence to the places near the palace, and thence through the town; so that in a moment all places sound our acclamations of happiness and prosperity to the prince,

## THE NIGHTINGALE

AND

## GLOW-WORM.

### A Fable.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long,  
 Had cheer'd the village with a song,  
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
 Nor yet when even-tide was ended,  
 Began to feel, as well he might,  
 The keen demands of appetite.  
 He sees a lustre in the dark,  
 And knew the Glow-worm by his spark;  
 When, stooping down, from haughty top,  
 He thought to put him in his crop.  
 The worm aware of his intent,  
 Harangued him thus, right eloquent.—  
 “Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,  
 As much as I your melody;  
 You would abhor to do me wrong,  
 As much as I to spoil your song;  
 For 'tis the self-same Power divine  
 Taught you to sing, and me to shine;  
 That you with music, I with light,  
 Might beautify and cheer the night.”  
 The songster heard his short oration,  
 And warbled out his approbation;  
 Knew'd him, as my story tells,  
 And sought a supper some where else.—  
 Thus jarring accents may learn,  
 Their real interests to discern:  
 That brother should not war with brother,  
 And worry and devour each other;  
 But sing and shine, with sweet consent,  
 'Till life's poor transient night is spent:  
 Regarding in each others case,  
 The gifts of Nature and of Grace.  
 Those Christians best deserve the name,  
 Who studiously make peace their aim;  
 Peace, both the duty and the price  
 Of him that creeps, and him that flies.

## THE FIRE-FLY.

LITTLE Rambler of the night,  
 Where and whence thy glowing light?  
 Is it form'd of ex-sangu dew?  
 Where and whence thy brilliant hue?  
 Hark! methinks, a voice replies,  
 He that form'd the azure skies,  
 Great in least, and good to all,  
 Lord of man, and insect small,  
 He, it was, that made this vast,  
 Search, adore, nor know the rest.

Little Rambler of the night,  
 Blessed be this voice of thine!  
 He that cloth'd thy form in light,  
 Is the God of me and mine.  
 Go enjoy in verdant fields,  
 What His Royal bounty yields;  
 Dip the leaf, or taste the flower;  
 Sup in Nature's roseate tower;  
 Filling full the span thou'st given,  
 With the beams of gracious Heaven.

## FLATTERY.

PARENT of wicked, bane of honest deeds,  
 Perivious Flattery, thy malignant seeds,  
 In evil hour, and by a fatal hand,  
 Sadly diffus'd o'er virtue's gleby land,  
 With rising pride amidst the corn app'ar,  
 And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.

## A FACT,

RELATING TO THE MARQUIS DE BOUILLE.

SOME years previous to the late revolution in France, when the nobility yet held their almost regal honors: a Mr.—, a young Englishman of fortune, who was on his travels, and stopped in Paris, used to spend much of his time at the hotel of the Marquis de Bouille. His hospitality, and personal accomplishments, were far on the esteem of Mr.—; and in one French family, even in the heart of the most dissolute court in Europe, he beheld conjugal happiness, conjugal purity! the personal graces of the Marchioness, though in the wane of forty years, yet gave loveliness to the sentiments of a mind that was only to be known to adored. She was admired and esteemed by Mr.—, as her husband was revered and loved. When this truly noble pair quitted Paris, for their Chateau in the country, they requested their guest speedily to follow them.

Mr.—had been some weeks in Paris after the departure of his illustrious friends, and was preparing to comply with their wishes, when he received a letter from the Marquis, written in the utmost consternation and anguish of mind. He had lost the wife of his bosom—she was then lying dead in the castle, after having endured the pains of a short, but rapid illness—she was at peace; but for him, his grief must be as eternal as his love.

This intelligence surprised and afflicted Mr.—and eager to console his suffering friend, he immediately set off for the Chateau. When he arrived at the village, which lay at the foot of the hill on which the castle was situated, instead of the stillness of sympathetic sorrow marking every countenance for one whose innocent and uncharity:—instead of this decent tribute to its virtuous dead—the bells rang; and the peasants were assembled, dancing, singing, and exhibiting every feature of festivity. Amazed and shocked, he enquired what it meant? The general reply was—“The Marchioness is come to life!” Bewildered with a hope, he hardly believed, he hastened to the Chateau; and there was received with open arms by the happy Marquis. He led him to the chamber of his amiable wife; who thanked Mr.—with an air of gratitude, for the consolation his friendship had intended her lord. After the first hurried observations were over, and Mr.—felt his emotions subside to tranquillity; he enquired the occasion of this blissful change. The Marchioness replied to him, nearly in the following terms.

“My illness was sudden, and so alarming, that the Marquis summoned several physicians to attend me. All their exertions seemed to fail, and they declared that there was no hope; but consented to remain in the room till I breathed my last. I took leave of my family. And in bidding my husband adieu forever, a sudden convulsion seized me—and I appeared to expire in his arms. I fell back on my bed, pale and motionless; and he was torn by absolute force from the apartment. The physicians then advanced and looked at me, declared that I was dead. I was stiff, and cold as marble, and laid in my shroud upon my couch, to be ready for interment. For this part of my narration I am indebted to my women. In obedience to our religion, and in honor of my rank, the room was darkened, hung with black, and lighted with wax-lights; and the anthems of the dead were chanted morning and evening around my bed. At last the day came, in which I was to be committed to the earth. My husband, who had

been detained from the sight of my corpse, hearing I was to be removed, broke from his room, and flying to the door of my apartment, insisted upon seeing me once more. In vain he entreated: his attendants, in obedience to the commands of the physicians, held him fast—but his grief was stronger than their strength; and with a sudden exertion, he burst from their hold, and rushing into the chamber, flung himself upon my bosom exclaiming—"My wife! my dear wife, they shall not tear thee from me!"—At these words, I raised myself, and clasped him into my arms—he fainted. By the assistance of the faculty he soon recovered; and I was removed to a warm bed, which quickly restored me to my former self. What I have told you is extraordinary; but what I have yet to tell, yet strikes me with terror. When I appeared to expire, I suppose I swooned; for I have no recollection of any thing, till my senses seemed to awake at the strains of fine music. I found myself stretched on my couch, unable to open my eyes, to move, or articulate a sound. The voices of the choirsters chilled me with dread; but when I heard them proceed for hours in the solemnity, and my women who sat around me, discoursing of my death, and intended burial—God knows what were my horrors! the conviction, that I should be buried alive, with all my senses contemplating the scene, almost drove me mad; yet I was incapable of expressing, even by a sign, that I existed. In this state of distraction and terror was my mind, when I heard my husband's voice at my door—"O! how my soul was torn with agony!—It appeared ready to burst from my body—but when my Lord threw himself upon my breast, and in all the torture of anguish, called upon my name, and strained me to his heart—it caused such a tempest in my soul—such a revolution in my whole frame—that I felt the will, and the next moment had the power, to grasp him in my arms—the rest you already know."

## EPISTLES.

Written by a young Man, aged 18, to his widowed Mother, aged 63.

TO my fond mother, now my only friend,  
All health and happiness my wishes send,  
May Heaven, on you, her choicest gifts bestow;  
Of all that mortals can possess below;  
To you, for life what gratitude I owe,  
And all the blessings life can here bestow:  
With fondest hopes, you nurs'd my tender years,  
Retrain'd my wand'ring rings, and reli'd my cares;  
With my lov'd sire, to whom with you 'twas given,  
To allure your children and direct to Heaven.  
Him, death has summon'd to the silent grave,  
While weeping children, wish'd in vain to save:  
Compos'd, and calm, the good man met his doom,  
Wrapp'd in the cold embraces of the tomb,  
How gentle shade—receive the due reward,  
For such distinguish'd pity prepared,  
Thou' long thy suffering, and thy fortune hard,  
Still thou wast just—And thus the immortal bard,  
"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,  
An honest man's the noblest work of God."  
On Grandeur's pinions, I've no wish to soar;  
I choose to dwell amidst the humble poor;  
Yet Heaven's my witness, you shall never be  
By want oppress'd, or pinch'd with poverty.  
Of all I get, a certain part I'll grow,  
To make you happy, and relieve your woe;  
And while life's current, through my veins shall run,  
I'll still remain your kind and dutiful son.

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 23, 1805.

Forty-one Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 15th inst.

Matthias B. Tallmadge, Esq. Son-in-Law of Vice President Clinton, is appointed District Judge in the place of the Hon. John Sloss Hobart, deceased.

The Dey of Algiers has required of the American agent a ship of the line, as tribute; and the latter has in vain represented that America has frigates, but no ships of the line. The Dey still persists in his demand.

Stephen Arnold, convicted at the Circuit Court, now sitting at Coopersown (N. Y.) of murdering an orphan girl, by unmercifully whipping her, has received the awful sentence of Death. His execution will take place on the 19th of July next.

Mr Jacob Towle, of this city, is the fortunate holder of the ticket, which drew the 25,000 dollars.

(Baltimore pap.)

The schooner Two-Sons, capt. Clark, has arrived at Newburyport from Nantz. She left that place on the 18th May, and 20th was boarded by a British 64 gun ship, and informed, that a fleet of 15 sail of the line had sailed from England in pursuit of the combined French and Spanish fleet, which was presumed to have gone against Jamaica. Capt. Clark also informs, that he learned by this vessel, that the Rochfort fleet had been seen a few days previous, steering towards L'Orient.

The following was received from Mr. Thomas Kiddie of Philadelphia.

"Lord Nelson's fleet of 14 sail of the line was left in lat. 30. long. 22, by the Spy frigate, a look out ship, dispatched by him to see after the French fleet, which frigate was spoken by one of our vessels, arrived at the Lazaretto, off Martinique.

Capt. Wright, arrived at Norfolk from Gibraltar, states that the Toulon fleet anchored in Cadiz Bay for twelve hours, when they were joined by six Spanish ships of the line, and proceeded to sea; conjecture sent them to the East Indies.

Capt. Webb, of the schr. Neptune, from Martinique, informs, that the French and Spanish fleets were at Fort Royal on the 28th of May, and that though they had made some necessary repairs, and the embargo taken off, yet there was no appearance of their sailing. It was said they were waiting for a reinforcement.

## DROWNED.

In Salem harbor, on Friday the 14th inst. Mr. John Edwards, rigger. He, with his son and another man, were returning from the ship Franklin, when the boat upset. Mr. Edwards could not swim, and his son kept him on his back for nearly half an hour, when being quite exhausted, the son said, father we will both go down together—on which the father instantly quit his hold, and sunk immediately.—The son and the other man was soon after taken up by a boat from the ship. Mr. Edwards was an industrious worthy man. His body has not yet been found.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

WHO tastes the fount of lawless love,  
Must hope for happiness no more;  
But doom'd its sharpest pains to prove,  
Shall late, too late, their fault deplore.

## MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. M. Knight, Dr. William W. Minor, of Bedford, (Westchester) to Miss Elizabeth Lokenberry, of the same place.

On Saturday last, by the Rev. John Cornelison, at Bergen, Mr. Samuel E. Higson, of this city, to Miss Rachel Compton, of New-Jersey.

At Hackensack, on Sunday evening last, Mr. John Hays, of Brooklyn, to Mrs. Jane Currie, of this city.

## MORTALITY.

MORTALS rejoice!—you soaring soul no more  
Shall toil with misery in this world of strife;  
But wings aetherial, waft him from your shore,  
To taste the pleasures of eternal life.

## DIED.

On Wednesday the 12th inst. in the 39th year of her age, after a tedious and painful illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. ELEANOR M'ARDLE, relict of the late Patrick M'Arde, of this city. She departed this life wholly resigned to the will of her God; worthy the example of those who survive her.

On Sunday last, in the 44th year of his age, after a tedious illness, Mr. JACOB BOERUM, merchant, of this city.

At Mount Pleasant, on the 3d inst. Miss JEMIMA ONDERDUNK, of a short illness, daughter of Mr. Andrus Onderdunk, a young lady much respected.

## Books and Stationary

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romanes, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.  
Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

## NOTICE.

The creditors of John Oald, and Gilbert Purdy, insolvent debtors, confined in the jail of the county of Bergen, are hereby on file that the judges of the inferior Court of Common Pleas of said county, have appointed to meet at the Court House in New-Bardonia in said county, on the twenty ninth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, in order that the same may be alleged for or against the liberation of the said debtors, pursuant to the laws of New-Jersey in such case made and provided, and agreeable to the petition of the said insolvents.

JOHN OALD,  
GILBERT PURDY.

Bergen County Goal, June 17, 1805. 859 6.

## SCALES, WEIGHTS & MEASURES.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,

Public Scales of Weights, Measures, Scale Beams, and Yards; No. 250 Water Street, four doors west of Peck-Slip. Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet Iron ware, and keeps on hand a general assortment of Scales, Weights & Measures with a variety of Japanned, Pewter, and hollow ware.  
N. B. Weights and Measures adjusted and fitted at a short notice.

March 16, 1805.

855, 66

COURT OF APOLLO.

WILL KING & THE TAYLOR.

A Tale,

BY ALEXIS AND RINCLAIR.

(Concluded.)

WITH admiration, Snip now gas'd on Will,  
Plea'd at the extra charges in his bill  
The cloth and silver buttons might produce.  
"And when," said Cabbage, "would you have  
it done,"

"To-morrow," King replied, "and just at one;  
Remember too to cut it neat and spruce."

The Taylor now his way did homeward shape,  
Beset with measures, pattern cards, and tape,  
Much pleas'd at the good morning's work he'd  
made;  
And when that he had reached his habitation,  
He said unto his spouse, with exultation,  
"I am ready'd to trounce the crooked blade."

"What blade," said Mrs. Cabbage, "love, I  
pray,  
Have you so luckily met with to day,  
And whom to chouse, you've lid this good  
design?"

"Why dear," said he, "an ugly crook-back'd  
fool,  
Whom I most certainly will make my tool,  
Or else twice four and one do not make nine."

To purchase articles to make the clothes,  
And hire two extra workmen, Snip now goes,  
That King in proper time the coat might get;  
And what he wanted being soon supplied,  
He homeward with his cloth and two men bled,  
And all three to their parts with vigour set.

So well did Cabbage and his men employ  
Their shears and needles that, to Snip's great joy,  
The coat was finish'd quick, next day by ten;  
And having tied it up he cross'd the way,  
Then shewing it to King, with glee did say,  
"You see, sir, that I keep industrious men."

Meanwhile, unalter'd was our hero's face,  
Although a droll exchange had taken place,  
For lo! from right to, left the hump had gone  
But this poor Cabbage did not yet perceive—  
So said, "Now, sir, if you will give me leave,  
I will assist you, sir, to try these on."

"With all my heart, good Cabbage," King re-  
plies,  
Among my friends, I'll praise you to the skies,  
"If you have hit my shape exact and true;"  
So in he thrust an arm without delay,  
But soon in angry mood to Snip did say,  
"You bungling dog, this coat will never do."

These tones of passion made Snip's teeth to chat-  
ter.  
Who, trembling, said to King, "pray what's  
the matter?"  
"Why sure," said Will, "of reason you're  
bereft,  
For d—me, sir, if you had used your eyes,  
You must have plainly seen this awkward rise  
Was not on the right shoulder but the left."

"Ah, lack-a-day!" said Snip, "can it be so?  
How it could come about, I do not know.  
Though, true enough, 'tis just sir as you say;  
I humbly beg your pardon sir, but vow  
I never mis'd a measure sir, till now;  
But, if you please, I'll alter it straightway."

"Well, pull it off again," cried King, "but  
note—  
At one, precisely, I must have the coat,  
Or else another Taylor I'll send out!"  
"You shall," says Snip, "at least I'll do my best;  
But still I swear, and solemnly protest,  
I can conceive how this here came about."

At one exact, see Cabbage quite prepar'd,  
But how at William King, he gasp'd and star'd,  
When he appear'd a srait and upright blade;  
"Why sir," said Cabbage, "as he scatched his  
rump,  
Pardon my boldness sir, but where's the lump,  
For which such large allowance I have made?"

"What lump," said King, "affecting great sur-  
prise,  
Am I deform'd or crook'd? D—mn your eyes!  
Say so again, and faith I'll knock you down:  
But, as it is, you rascal, do you see,  
It now the coat don't fit me to a T,  
I'll take my cudgel and I'll crack your crown."

King then the coat did seize with aspect big,  
While Cabbage trembled like a scalded pig.  
So much Will's action the poor Taylor scares;  
"I'll add no more," said King, "but on it goes,  
"If it don't suit, egad, I'll tweak your nose,  
And, in the bargain, tumble you down stairs!"

Now William squeez'd it on with looks of wrath,  
But what an useless quantity of cloth  
Did loosely hang down his larboard side!  
With fury, now, he rais'd his stick on high,  
When Snip, perceiving danger was so high,  
Took to his heels and ran with hasty stride.

It so fell out, that on this very day,  
King had agreed a quarter's rent to pay,  
(Which he, as usual, had no means to do!)  
So seizing up in haste, his other coat,  
Which now was all he in his room had got,  
After the Taylor, to the court he flew;

And having reach'd it, he, without delay,  
(As now the hardest part was left to play)  
Rush'd out with speed, nor stop'd to shut the  
door;  
Then vanish'd through the alley in a crack,  
Adorn'd with Poor Snip's coat upon his back,  
Who, from that day to this, ne'er saw him  
more.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON & WOOLLEN DYER, & CALICO GLA-  
ZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from  
WILLIAM STREET.

CLEANS and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Satins, all  
kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all  
kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camel  
hair shawls cleaned and restored. He has also erected a  
HOT CALLENDER. All commands will be thankfully  
received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the  
lowest terms. Entrance to the Dyers at the gate,  
N. B. Carpets cleaned and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned  
and calendered, and Blankets floured. Bell Hanging  
Blue upon Cotton and Linen; Dyer Rush for sale.  
June 1, 1805. 86, 17.

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL M'GREANE,

No. 9 BROAD STREET,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public, that he continues  
to receive Commands in that line, from Employers and  
Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care  
and punctuality.

\* A few Servants on the Books, well recommended.  
May 25, 1805. 85, 17.

LITERATURE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his employers and  
the public in general, that he will continue his School at  
New 17 Bracken Street as usual, and will open another the  
first of May in the spacious, airy and beautiful House  
and Situation, on the corner of Great and Orchard-Street,  
now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has employed per-  
sons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate  
to the task of teaching English Literature in its various  
branches. The subscribers will superintend both schools,  
and make it the top of his ambition to render instruction  
particularly useful to employers, and respectfully discharge  
his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality,  
and the civil department of his pupils. The subscriber  
purposes living at the last mentioned House, and can ac-  
commodate several general boarders, the house being very  
roomy and there with a beautiful yard of flowers of ground  
covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and plane  
trees.  
W. D. LEELL.

N. B. The subscriber writes Dreads, Marriages, Wills,  
Letters, Receipts, Powers, Bonds, &c. upon the most  
reasonable terms.

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Chemical Perfumer from London, at the New York Hair  
Powder and Perfumery manufactory, (the Golden Rule)  
No 114 Broad-way opposite the City Hotel.  
Ladies like Braces, do. Elastic wristed & cotton Gu-  
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prior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserv-  
ing the skin from choppings, with an agreeable perfume,  
4 & 8l. each.

Smith's Chemical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and  
preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's morocco Pouches for travelling, that add  
all the flapping apparatus complete in a small compass.  
Odours of Ruses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's improved Chemical Milk of Ruses do well  
known for clearing the skin from freckles, pimples, rough-  
ness or sunburns has not its equal for preserving the skin's  
extreme old age, and is very safe for gentlemen's skin us-  
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